1: Burrows--2 (1947-48) Woleaians
116, 123 Ifalik

"Special acknowledgment is due the hospitality and collaboration of the native people. They not only submitted patiently to our most impertinent inquiries, but gladly offered whatever help we asked for, or whatever occurred to them. The chiefs were particularly helpful, assembling to give us information whenever we asked for it and assigning to us as helpers young Talimeira, who picked up English so fast that before we left he could be used as an interpreter in some matters, and Totogoeiti ('Tom'), our interpreter. An unforgettable example of chiefly conduct was the last sentence addressed to me by Paliuilimar, the aged chief who died during our stay on the island. I called on him when he was far gone, and could only speak faintly. When he saw me he raised his head and asked 'Have you plenty of young coconuts to drink?' "

2: Damm et al. --viii (1909) 1938 Woleaians
116, 123 Ifaluk

The sojourn on Aurepik from the 31st of October to the 2nd of November was short, and quite dramatic. Sarfert found an old man, who was well informed about the local history and legends. The collections were also satisfactory. Then as luck would have it, while the launch was on its way from the island to the ship, it capsized in the surf, and the photographic plates and all the ethnographic material were lost. That is the reason why we can not give any more exact details about the tools in the section devoted to the description of the material possessions, since neither Hellwig, Hambruch nor Krämer had been able to get anything from the natives, who had visited the ship, and they too had undertaken some collecting. Then Sarfert spent twelve days, from the 5th to the 17th of November, on Ifaluk. These natives were eager to cooperate in every way, but they did not know as much about the old religion and history of the island as he had expected. They themselves admitted that they had forgotten a great many of these old beliefs.

28: Spiro--20
116, 623, 123

(1947-48) 1949

Woleaians
Ifalik

"The chiefs assemble the people for public meetings whenever they wish to announce a new policy or some new event. Before the people are assembled, however, the chiefs meet alone to decide among themselves what actions or decisions are to be taken. And though the chiefs are ranked in a descending heirarchy, the decision is always arrived at by a concensus rather than by any one prevailing over the others. From the nature of their discussions, which we were always permitted to attend, it seems that a majority decision is not sufficient, so that they continue to discuss the matter until they can all agree on the course to be taken. At times this requires a long time. For example, Dr. Burrows and I asked Tom if we might rent a canoe for the duration of our stay. He said that he would speak to the chiefs, since a matter of that kind would require their consideration. The chiefs had a special meeting, requiring three hours to decide what objectively looked like a very simple matter. The decision, incidentally, was to give us a canoe for the duration of our stay, but with the stipulation that we confine our canoeing to the lagoon, lest we go into the ocean, and capsize, in which case the chiefs would feel 'very bad.' It is also of interest parenthetically, in terms of the Ifaluk emphasis on status, that after informing us of the chiefs' decision, Tom told us that when we return to America we should inform the people and the chief that the Ifalukians were very good to us, and had given us a canoe, and 'then, Ifaluk more high.'"

28: Spiro--94 (1947-48) 1949 Woleaians
116, 123, 858, 831 Ifalik

"It is to be expected that this pattern of indulgence induces a low threshold of frustration tolerance, so that if the infant is inhibited it reacts violently. One example, from many, will illustrate this point. As I entered a courtyard one day, a baby boy about two years old, came over to sit on my lap. He soon discovered the pencil in my pocket, and began to play with it. (12) After a time I took the pencil from him. This minor frustration caused him great grief. He shook his body and head violently, and then began to scream--a genuine temper tantrum. But the moment I returned the pencil the crying ceased, and he became all smiles. Yet again when I stood up to leave, he screamed violently, and would not be pacified."

"12. His play is irrelevant in this connection, but is of psychoanalytic interest. He repeatedly removed the pencil from my pocket and reinserted it. He would then place it between his thighs, and then stick either himself or me with it. This sequence continued for some time. It was obvious also, that he was 'playing for the gallery', since he would look to see if the people were observing him, and if he noticed that I was unattentive, he would give a shout of rage."

28: Spiro--100-101
116, 593, 855, 123

(1947-48) 1949

Woleaians-1-4
Ifalik

"The relationship between siblings, indicated evidence of sibling rivalry, though the evidence is not complete. Sibling rivalry can be expressed in many ways, directly and indirectly, overtly and symbolically. There is little question in my mind that much of the play of the children is an expression of this rivalry. Here I only want to record one of two instances of overt attempts of an older child to compete with a younger sibling for his mother's love. While sitting with a group of people, a young mother was sitting nursing a few-month's old baby. Her four year old son came out, stood behind her with his arms about her neck. After a time, he took his mother's breast from the mouth of his baby brother. His mother sent him away. In another case Lautrimar, a woman of about 35 was holding her baby daughter. Talemelemar, her five old son, walked over to her, put his arms about her waist, and began to fondle her breasts. She rebuffed him at first, but finally picked him up, and carried them both. A final example: Talavusman's father was playing with the young baby, and the Talemememar was looking on very enviously. He left them to sit on the lap of his mother, but in a short time she told him to get off. He at once grabbed a stick, and threatened his little parallel cousin with it. (This, of course, is an obvious displacement of aggression). He then took a cloth, covering his penis very ostentatiously, at which everyone laughed. Since the two younger babies in the house were girls, and they received all the attention, this little bit of behavior was probably an attempt to be a girl, so that he too could receive attention of the adults.

This latter incident brings us to crucial point in the emotional development of the child. As we have emphasized repeatedly the baby is king in Ifaluk. Not only are babies desired, not only are their every wants fulfilled, but they are the constant center of attention. They are always the focal point of the household. This orientation, moreover, remains constant. The adult eyes are always focused on the babies, so that once the baby grows older he is out of focus, so to speak, and a new baby is now in focus. There is little eye accommodation, which would enable both the infant and the growing baby to be in focus. In other words, the king is dethroned. His place of centrality is now usurped by a younger infant. From the position of extreme overt love and attention he now finds himself ignored. Adults are still concerned about him, but they leave him to shift for himself. He is free to come and go when he wants, to eat where he wants, as long as he is not too far from sight. But what is even more important, the constant overt affection displayed towards them when young, is now withdrawn. I have seldom seen a child four or five years old being held in an adult's arms, kissed, hugged, or in general receive over, physical affection. From a state of infancy--overabundant love--they pass directly to a state of adulthood, as far as the diaplay of affection is concerned. The result of this differential treatment is a child starving for affection. And much of child behavior--agressive behavior towards adults and children, rivalry, is certainly a result of this age differential treatment.

This behavioral fact, though it is patent, did not assume significance for me for some time. I had attributed the fondness of the children for me as gratitude for the candy I gave them and as the novel experience of knowing a person of different physical type. And, though these factors played some role, I later realized that they were by no means the major factor. The fact is that I was the only adult in their world that showed genuine interest in them, that played with them, that displayed overt affection for them. In other words, I was playing the role vis a vis [101] them that their parents and other adults had played when they were babies. I was filling a deep emotional need in their lives. This first began to dawn on me as I was sitting in a canoe house watching the men doing a repair job. Talemelemar, who is definitely a 'problem child', aggressive, uncooperative, disobedient, etc., came in and sat down next to me. He was strangely quiet and unboisterous--abnormal behavior for him--so I kept one eye on him and one on the men at work. After many abortive attempts he snuggled against me, resting his head on my arm. I put my arm around him, drawing him to me, whereupon he nestled against me, sinking his head into my lap. And for the duration of the afternoon he lay on my lap with a look of peace and serenity that I had thought he was incapable of. The bully and devil were completely gone. This was, for me, and impressive and crucial experience. For the first time I gained some insight into Talemelemar, and through him into the other children. I had done something that no other adult had done since he had been a baby. I had

shown some affection for him, had not rejected him, and had not, when later some babies came into the canoe house, discarded him in favor of them Later, this impression was confirmed in many other individual cases of children who were withdrawn and terribly insecure, but who warmed up to me when I gave them the same kind of affection."

28: Spiro--101-102
116, 593, 855, 578, 123

(1947-48) 1949

Woleaians-1-3
Ifalik

"But what is even more impressive than this adult absorption with the infant, which results, in the ignoring of the emotional needs of the child (unwitting rejection), is the conscious ignoring and rejection of the child. The minutest frustration of the infant is attended to immediately, whereas even larger frustrations of the child are not only ignored, but often provoke amusement. A few examples may illuminate this point. One afternoon as I was resting in our tent I heard a tremendous outcry coming from the household behind us. It sounded like Talemelemar or Iliakong crying, and after it continued for a long time I became very irritated and went to discover the source of the trouble. As I approached the house, I saw that the disturber was neither of the two younger children, but rather Lemalialok, a girl of about seven. She was sitting on the ground, outside of her house, wailing at the top of her lungs. The wails seemed to be of frustration rather than of pain, and I remained to observe her, though she did not see me. Very soon, members of the household, some of whom were sitting in the house and some outside of the doorway, saw me and told Lemalialok that I was watching her. All this time, it is to be emphasized, the adults did nothing at all to appease her feelings, permitting her to lie on the ground, screaming to the point of exhaustion. When she was informed that I was watching her, she turned around, looked at me, and continued with her screaming. I walked towards her, and asked her why she was crying, and she answered that Leangteisai,

a sister a few years older than herself, had taken a knife from her. After talking to her, and giving her some candy, she finally stopped her crying. If I had not intervened she might have persisted in her behavior for an hour, and no one would have intervened. (18)

Another time I had been typing and was disturbed by crying coming from a house near us, crying which continued for a minimum of twenty minutes, after which I decided to investigate the trouble. It was three year old Lepiemar. It seems that her mother was holding her (the mother's) grandchild, and Lepiemar wanted her to hold her, but her mother refused, and shoved her away. Here is the rejection of the child and an obvious (to the child) preference for the younger baby. She sobbed and wailed, but her mother made absolutely no attempt to appease her. (19)

"18. When she stopped crying I called to Leangteisai, and asked her the cause of the difficulty. She gave me the same reason, but she told me the story with a smirk and a look of superiority on her face, --another of many examples of sibling rivalry.

19. The frustration stimulus may seem slight. But we have already indicated that infantile over-indulgence has created a low-threshold of frustration tolerance."

[102] On another occasion, four year old Lezabung, was the culprit. Again I heard a long protracted crying before I went to investigate the cause. Her mother, older sister, and four women were all sitting outside the house, but none made any gesture to help her. When she saw me, she came running to me, and wept bitter tears on my shoulder. Unfortunately, I did not ascertain the cause of her misery, as my linguistic ability, poor at the best, could not cope with the sounds of the crying girl."

"Rivalry between children for the attention of the adults is very obvious, and I shall restrict my examples to those in which I was the object of the rivalry. One evening, sitting in one of the houses, I saw Iliakong, but she ignored me. I began to play with one of the little girls, and immediately the former came over, laughing at me, sat on my lap, forcing her attention upon me.

Lezabung wanted some candy, and I gave her some. She asked me to carry her to her home where the other children were playing. As we walked, I asked her why she didn't eat her candy, but she only smiled coyly. The reason soon became evident. When we came to her home, she proudly showed off her candy to the other children. The whole point of my giving her the candy and carrying her home, was to show off to the others.

Almost every day, the children would fight with each other over who was to sit on my lap, and the problem could be solved only by permitting two and even three to do so simultaneously.

Walking down the path, Talavusman and Talemelmar were fighting as to which would hold my hand. The latter struck the former with a coconut leaf, who fell to the ground crying. (An older girl picked him up and consoled him).

Two children were playing with a tennis ball, competing with each other to see who would throw it at me. When one threw it at one, the other would fall crying to the ground, and vice versa.

What they want, in all of these antics, is the adult's exclusive attention, and they are unwilling to share it with the others. If I held one in my arms, the others would try to intrude, and if I would not hold them as well, they would try to pull the first one off. If one can't have the desired object, the other cannot, either. One day, this would not work, and they tried other techniques. They tried to draw my attention from the child in my arms to themselves, by an exhibitionistic performance. Talemelemar rolled a record disk on its side. Velaut threw a stone in the air. Lezabung asked me to look at a sore on her leg. The others showed me sham sores, asking that I put medicine on them. Talavusman showed me two or three, and I refused to put on medicine as they were slight scratches. Talememar then grabbed Talavusman's penis, saying I should look at it."

28: Spiro--117 (1947-48) 1949 Woleaians
116, 123, 857, 839, 864 Ifalik

"The interest of the children in sexual differences led them to an interest in my sexual characteristics. There is one recurrent theme in my field notes, an entry that occurs almost every day--the attempt of the young children to either look up my shorts, or actually feel my penis. This behavior was characteristic of both the boys and the girls. They would lie or kneel beneath me looking up my shorts and giggling, or they would try to put their hands up my shorts. This was not just innocent children's behavior. They knew full well that this was tabooed behavior, for they would become embarrassed, and simulate other activity the moment I let them know that I knew what they were doing."

28: Spiro--147 [7] (1947-48) 1949 Woleaians
116, 512, 517, 533, 123 Ifalik

"After dinner the young men rarely remain at home, but return again to the canoe-house, or in the case of a moonlit night to the beaches. Like the adults they talk about the events of the day, or of some projected plan, or just small talk. They often sing songs, mostly bwaruch, though chapengs are also sung. If I were with them, they were eager that I tell them of America or teach them some English. On a dark night they return to their homes at dark, but on a moonlit night they may fish from the beach, and often they would along the reef in their canoes.

The young women never leave their homes after dinner, except in the company of their parents, again the boys enjoying greater freedom than the girls."

29: Spiro--190-191 (1947-48) 1950 Woleaians
116, 159, 123 Ifalik-1

"I should now like to turn to the actual examination of Tarev himself. Though we arrived in Ifaluk on July 27, there is no [191] entry in my field notes concerning Tarev until September 20. This may be explained by three factors: my own preoccupation with other ethnographic matters, Tarev's relative quiescence for long periods of time, and the reluctance of the natives to inform us about him. I first saw Tarev when I was administering a Rorschach in a house close to his. I mentioned to our interpreter that we would proceed next to his house, but he replied that the man in the next house was a 'fool fella,' and we would best leave him alone. When I questioned him about this man, it became evident that he was reluctant to talk about him. This reluctance characterized the other people as well. It was only when it became apparent that I could somehow control Tarev's aggressive behavior rather effectively that the people gave me information about him and no longer attempted to conceal his behavior from me.

The following description will follow my own chronological experiences with Tarev, and the materials recorded are taken directly from my field notes:

September 20, 1947. The 'fool fella' from Falalap [one of the two inhabited islands in the atoll] came up to Ted [Dr. E.G. Burrows] and me, as we arrived for the ceremonies, and asked to hold our hands. When we gave him our hands, he took them in his own and smelled them. Later in the day, he came to us and asked us to go with him, but the chiefs asked us not to comply with his wishes. Still later, when we returned to Ifaluk

[the other of the two inhabited islands; the one on which we lived], we found Tarev speaking to Maroligar [Tarev's uncle, one of the five chiefs] and telling him that he would like to return to his wife or else marry another woman. Maroligar told him that he could not remarry yet, and that it was our wish that he not do so. (7)

September 24, 1947. Tarev has caused quite a disturbance today. He wished to go to Falalap to see his wife, but the men told him not to go. When he persisted, they had to restrain him by force."

"7. From the very beginning, therefore, the ethnographers were involved in Tarev's activities. This is important to bear in mind with reference to the transference which later developed between Tarev and me."

29: Spiro--199-200 (1947-48) 1950 Woleaians
116, 159, 123, 834 Ifalik-1 -4

"January 6, 1948. Tarev has been behaving very well since the last altercation. He moved, with everyone's consent, to an uninhabited house in an uncleared part of the island, and lived there without molesting anyone. He spent his time clearing the bush, walking about, and doing a lot of the 'ventriloquist' singing which has already been noted.

Towards me he has been like a little boy. His relationship is almost the classical 'transference' situation. He was constantly doing favors for Ted and me. He cleared the brush from our camp. He brought us fish and coconuts. He would go into the woods to bring me flowers and angorik (a cherished herb). Whenever he wished to go someplace or do something, he would come to ask for my permission (which I always gave him). I would praise him for his good behavior and reward him with a cigarette. And, of course, he would greet me and depart with the smell-of-the-hand routine.

The day before yesterday, however, his behavior changed completely. One of the young men was fishing in the lagoon in front of Tarev's house. Tarev told him to leave, and when he refused, Tarev began beating him with a coconut branch. A passer-by saw what was happening and called some men to help him subdue Tarev. By the time I arrived on the scene, the fight had ended. Tarev was having a heated argument with Arogeligar (the young man's father), and they were surrounded by a large group of people. Tarev began to threaten Arolgeligar, but the latter made no attempt to defend himself. At this point Tom arrived on the scene, his face livid with anger, and shouted at [200]

Tarev to desist from his activities. The latter lunged at Tom, trying to strike him, when I intervened. I took Tarev by the arm and asked him to come with me. He followed me without a word of protest, becoming as meek now as before he had been aggressive. As we sat in his house talking, some men came in to tie him. When he saw them, he ran out and refused to let them near him. They managed to surround him, and then one of the men untied his loin cloth. While he was occupied with keeping his loin cloth up, the men seized him, threw him to the ground and tied him. (16)

"16. Ifaluk exhibits a strong pattern of sexual puritanism. No form of sexual behavior is permitted in public, nor are sexual terms, either anatomical or physiological, ever spoken in the presence of members of both sexes. Though the men wear the briefest of loincloths and the women wear skirts, but are nude from the waist up, they have an inordinate sense of shame concerning the exposure of the genitalia. The men, for example, cover their genitals when bathing in the lagoon or when urinating, even if they are in the presence of men only. Should a person of the other sex see one's genitals, the sense of shame would be overwhelming. The seizing of Tarev's loincloth, therefore, was a shrewd tactic, designed to catch him off guard, and, of course, it was effective."

By this time the people were angrier than I had ever thought they could possibly become. Until now they had all been patient with him, exhibiting the greatest restraint in their treatment of him. But this, apparently, was the stimulus that evoked all their pent-up hostility. Tom was so angry that he slapped him in the face--an unheard-of act of aggression in this culture. Their anger was soon dissipated, however, and in the evening a number of people went to visit Tarev and asked if they could do anything for him. Tom told me that he was terribly sorry for what he had done and had invited Tarev to sleep in his house.

Yesterday I was busy and had no time to visit Tarev. Last night I was awakened by loud sobbing and wailing near our tent. Tarev had left his house and had come to ask me to remove the rope from his hands. The men followed him, however, and took him back to his house. This time they tied his legs as well.

This morning some boys came running to me to say that Tarev was coming to see me. His hands and feet were still tied so that he had had to inch his way to our tent, a distance of about three city blocks from his house. I untied his feet, took him home, and left him in the care of his uncle.

Later in the afternoon, as I was watching a canoe-launching ceremony, a young boy came to tell me that Tarev had taken a hunting knife from our tent. The entire village was alarmed, thinking that he was going to attack someone with it. We searched for him without success. Just as were returning from our search, we saw him carrying

three large bunches of coconuts to our tent. He had taken the knife in order to cut the coconuts. The nuts were heavy and his wrists and ankles were chafed from the rope, so I asked him to let me carry some of them, but he would not permit me to do so, saying that they were not heavy."

41: Bates & Abbott N-5 (1953) 1958
OR21 Woleai OR21
Ifaluk

CHAPTER II

MOSTLY ABOUT PEOPLE

THURSDAY, the first day after the NETTLE left, was overcast, with occasional drizzling rains. This was probably just as well because it cut down on the temptation to wander; so we could concentrate on the organization of camp at the Fan Nap.

The Fan Nap—the "Men's House"—was a large structure, some forty feet long and twenty wide, with a high thatched roof that sloped steeply to within a couple of feet of the ground on the sides. The ends were closed with matting down to within four feet of the ground, which meant that any adult must crouch on entering or leaving. The main cross-beams inside were higher, but still low enough to be a constant hazard. I never did learn to use the proper inside-of-house crouch, and kept battering my head all summer. Ted and Don were more alert—or at least better at dodging.

The front part of the Fan Nap, nearest the lagoon, was used for sleeping quarters. Ted and Don had their cots at the sides, under the stringers—beams that had been hewn out of huge breadfruit logs. The logs looked precariously balanced on the heavy coral blocks that served as the corner posts of the house. Collapse of the house would have caused the occupants of the cots to be instantly crushed. The great beams, so close above, were thus at first something of a mental hazard. But they had withstood the gales of many years and were clearly solidly placed—and they were very convenient for hanging mosquito nets.

Tables and boxes were arranged in the central area to make working space. The equipment included carpenter's tools, and with these some

41: Bates & Abbott N-5 (1953) 1958
OR21 Woleai OR21
Ifaluk

of the wooden packing boxes were converted into sets of shelves. The cases of food were piled along the sides in the back part of the house, which became the kitchen area, cozily walled with cartons of sliced peaches and spam.

There was an altar in the back part of the Fan Nap that was a constant mental hazard because we did not want to offend the local people by desecrating this shrine with profane objects. The altar was a ramshackle affair, contrasting strongly with the usual Ifalukian workmanship, and this may have indicated that it was not taken very seriously; but we wanted to run no risk of giving offense. There was a large chest there, too, which we judged to be a sort of depository for the appurtenances of government. Among other things, the American flag was stored in the chest, to be hauled out and attached to a pole on the lagoon shore when a ship was sighted.

There was another sacred touch to the Fan Nap—a phallus attached to the main front center post and pointing out across the lagoon. The phallus, which pointed westward toward Woleai, the nearest neighboring atoll, commemorated an event of Ifaluk legend—or history. The story was one of violence and conquest and seemed curiously anomalous in the Ifalukian folklore, contrasting as it did with the present completely non-aggressive and peaceful character of the people. Ted thought that it might reflect memories of an actual conquest by the people of Ifaluk of earlier inhabitants of the neighboring atolls. Maur, the main character in the legend, was certainly the "culture hero" of the people of the island.

The phallus did not seem to be the object of any special veneration or cult—it was just there. Once, later in the summer, when we were trying to explain the money system of the United States, we were questioned about the portrait heads on the coins. Don explained Washington and Lincoln as long-dead "chiefs" thus commemorated.

Yani got the idea at once. "Ifaluk have picture of dead chief, too," he said, grinning, as he pointed toward the phallus of Maur on the Fan Nap.

The weather continued to interfere with the starting of field work. Friday it rained almost continuously all day—and of course the rain

41: Bates & Abbott N-5 (1953) 1958
OR21 Woleai OR21
Ifaluk

gauge wasn't unpacked and set up yet. A stiff wind came up in the afternoon and kept increasing in force. Late in the afternoon Tom came by with Maroligar, the number two chief. Tom pointed out across the lagoon to the west and said, "Maybe typhoon." Maroligar seemed somewhat worried as well. What the two wanted, apparently, was a weather prediction—from us newcomers to the tropical Pacific! It showed a touching and completely misplaced faith in the famous "American know-how." I was in charge of the meteorology department and I peered at the thermometer (79°F at 5:45 P.M.) and barometer (1005 millibars) but I was unable to draw any deductions from these helpful facts.

In the evening, quite a number of men gathered in back of the Fan Nap, clearly worried about the weather. Maroligar borrowed one of the big Navy battery flashlamps and learned how to turn it on and off. He wanted some sort of a light so that if the weather worsened during the night, he could round everyone up and lead them to some safer spot, perhaps the boulder ridge on the windward side of the island—the highest spot, some fifteen feet above sea level. The houses were mostly along the lagoon shore and Ted remembered that waves had reached to the Fan Nap on his previous stay, with a wind of considerably less than typhoon violence. Don and I read what there was on typhoons in the books we had brought along, and I tried to remember what I could about the characteristics of Caribbean hurricanes—but nothing helpful came out of this.

The wind settled down to a steady blow, and I comforted myself, going to sleep, by thinking that hurricanes struck suddenly, after a period of still, oppressive heat, so that this slow build-up of wind could hardly be dangerous—misinformation, but none-the-less comforting.

The next day, Saturday, started out cold, with a completely overcast sky. But the rain had let up, so we sallied forth to begin work. Our first project was to make a census of the people on the island. Ted had made a census on his 1948 visit and he wanted to get a record of the changes. For Don and me, the census would be an essential basis for our studies of "human ecology." Further, if we made the census our first item of business, it would give us an opportunity to meet all of the people on the island.

41: Bates & Abbott N-5 (1953) 1958
OR21 Woleai OR21
Ifaluk

Ted, of course, was in charge of the census operation. Tom acted as interpreter. Fagolier, the paramount chief, and Maroligar, the number two chief, went along, giving the highest possible official sanction to the procedure. The party also included a young man named Bakalimar—shortened to Bakal for ordinary purposes—who had been assigned by the chiefs to work with us, acting as general handyman and, most importantly, as dishwasher. (We did our own cooking; or, perhaps more accurately, our own can-opening.)

We were also accompanied by Tony. Tony was from the atoll of Ulithi, some 375 miles northwest of Ifaluk. He was a young man of perhaps eighteen, and had come to Ifaluk with his younger brother on the trade ship, some months before our arrival, to visit relatives. The Coast Guard had a station on Ulithi, where Tony had worked, and where he had learned fluent English. He was of no use as an interpreter in the census operation, however, because of his lack of familiarity with the Ifaluk household and clan arrangements, and because his youth made the questioning seem almost impertinent. The job required the maturity, dignity and local knowledge possessed by Tom. Tony's name, Antonio, was official, because Ulithi had been converted by a Roman Catholic Mission some years earlier—a process that included the adoption of Christian names.

The houses of Ifaluk were all on the two largest islets of the atoll, Falalap and Falarik, which were separated by a shallow and rather narrow pass. The Fan Nap, near the southern end of Falarik, was roughly in the center of the inhabited area. We started the census with the southernmost houses of Falalap, with the idea of working gradually northward until the count, household by household, was finished.

Three households—twenty-six people—were catalogued that first morning. Tom and Ted would lead the way into a household area, going inside if it was drizzling, or sitting on mats in the open during dry intervals. The available people of the household would gather about—and the available people included all of the men, all of the children except those who got scared at the strange activity and ran away, and all of the women except those under temporary quarantine in a menstrual hut.

41: Bates & Abbott N-5 (1953) 1958
OR21 Woleai OR21
Ifaluk

Menstruating women on Ifaluk, as in many cultures, were subject to a variety of taboos. There were four special houses on the atoll which served as menstrual huts for each of the four villages into which the households were grouped. A woman, at the onset of menstruation, retired to one of these, removed from the ordinary life of the community until her period was over.

The census-taking was not a rapid process. It took interminable palavering among Tom, the chiefs and the members of each household to get a list of names, with clan affiliations, marital status, and such-like lore dear to the anthropological heart. When the list was complete, Don supervised the weighing and taking of heights—the only physical measurements practical with the available equipment. The weights were taken on a set of ordinary bathroom scales that had been picked up in Guam. The measuring pole was less prosaic—made from a pole found in the Fan Nap and calibrated to the nearest quarter inch by marking with a ball-point pen. Maroligar officiated at the weighing and measuring; after he had watched the first two or three operations, he explained to each person where to put his feet on the scales, tried to persuade him to stand up straight for the measuring, and coaxed the shier women and children into cooperating.

In the meantime I would prowl around with the big Crown Graphic camera, snapping whatever caught my interest, and popping flash-bulbs to the delight of the children who had a new toy in the used bulbs.

There was plenty of time to look around while Ted was trying to get all of the names and relationships straight. We noticed that the houses were well built, with big posts stuck in the ground to which stringers and rafters were firmly lashed with stout coconut-fiber rope; the roofs were coconut thatch, and the walls were mats woven of coconut leaves. The houses were low, and people did not stand in them, but sat or sprawled on the floor, which was very clean and covered with plaited coconut mats. There were no windows as such, but each house had four to six doors, which could be closed with more coconut mats when desired. The interiors were dim—but there was no need for good reading light. There was little or no clutter on the floor, except for a few things propped against the walls. Most of the family posses-

41: Bates & Abbott N-5 (1953) 1958
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sions were put in bags or boxes of various sorts and slung by ropes from the rafters, the whole upper part of the house thus being a sort of floorless attic.

The citizens of Ifaluk cooperated nicely in the census operation, though they seemed rather amused at such strange antics. Those who had been weighed and measured loved to stand around and watch the rest as they passed through the routine. It was hard to get some of the people, especially the women, to stand up straight enough for a proper height measurement. They had, in many cases, what seemed to be a permanent crouch, perhaps resulting from the low doorways and interiors, perhaps the product of a sort of chronic deference, since the women of Ifaluk knew their place—always bowing respectfully in the presence of the male animal. (Ted suspected that this show was superficial and that the women, there as everywhere, knew their power and how to use it; one of the five chiefs, it turned out, was a woman.)

There were no ideas of modesty associated with the breasts; and the ladies didn't seem to be bothered by the fact that their skirts gaped rather badly near the belt-line behind. But they were very modest about legs from the knee up and were careful never to expose an inch of thigh. Their preoccupation with keeping their skirts close about their legs was clear enough as they stepped on the scales. Don, impressed by their modest maneuvers as he tried to read the dial on the scales, remarked that they would really be shocked by an American bathing suit.

The people seemed to take wonderful care of the children, the men holding babies and comforting the young as often as the women. Ted and his colleague, Spiro, in their 1948 study, found that the kids were never spanked, and rarely yelled at—though it was said that they sometimes doused them in the lagoon if they got too obstreperous. At the movies on the NETTLE Don noticed one man gently ladling sea water on a bawling baby. The baby stopped crying quickly—and he made a mental note to try this on his own daughter when he got back home.

The smallest infants were in cradles. These were square boxes with low sides, fastened by a bridle of cords from the corners, and suspended a few inches above the floor by a rope from the rafters. The babies were tucked in with some old clothes, and seemed contented enough.

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were tucked in with some old clothes, and seemed contented enough.

In general, the people had fine physiques, and seemed very healthy. There was one woman who looked like an albino with freckles, and another old woman had her nose and upper lip completely eroded away, probably from yaws. Yaws was once prevalent in all of these islands, but it yields quickly to penicillin injections and during the post-war period of American control, the Navy medical service instituted an effective campaign of yaws control.

After the first three households had been completed, the party waded back across the shallow pass to "home" at the Fan Nap for lunch. The weather kept us in for the rest of the day. The sky had been completely overcast all morning, with occasional drizzling rains, but without strong wind. In the afternoon the wind became steadily stronger. It started to tear coconut fronds, even green ones, from the trees, and the coconuts themselves were being blown off in large numbers. Don noticed one coconut fall at an angle of about thirty degrees from the vertical in the wind, and he figured that the wind had the force of eight or nine on the Beaufort scale—gale force.

About four o'clock Maroligar and some other men came around to the Fan Nap and lashed poles and boards across the open western end, where it faced the lagoon. A tent that had been unpacked but not set up was dragged over and lashed to the poles, nicely cutting out the wind and rain and making the interior fairly snug and comfortable. But the noise of the wind and waves outside kept increasing. A typewriter could not be heard four feet away, even in this snug interior. (Ted was typing up his notes from the morning, impervious to typhoons.)

We kept worried eyes on the barometer and on the wildly swaying palms. Men everywhere were out battening down their house walls with matting, and running great ropes from the gables, making them fast to the bases of nearby palms. Maroligar, hovering about the Fan Nap with obvious concern about the guests on the island, made it clear that if things got much worse we should move in to one of the houses farther from the shore.

Then suddenly, about five o'clock, the worryings and speculations were disrupted by a wave of excitement. An airplane had been

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sighted circling the atoll! Everyone rushed out to see. Don and I dashed back to the Fan Nap to get the walkie-talkies that had been provided for just this sort of a situation. The walkie-talkies had not been tested since being unpacked, but there was no time now. Don's seemed to transmit all right, but neither was very clear as a receiver, at least in the howling gale, so I ran back to the Fan Nap to tune the battery receiver-set there on the walkie-talkie wave length.

Don gave his position on the lagoon shore near the south end of the long island, and the plane must have heard because it turned and made a pass almost directly overhead. It was a weather observation plane from Guam. At the receiver set, with Ifaluk crowded around me, I could hear the whole conversation.

"Any damage there? Any damage there? Over."

"No damage, nobody hurt. Wind about Beaufort Nine. Is a typhoon coming? Over."

"Typhoon center already past now north of Ifaluk and moving northwest. Wind now at maximum velocity. We will report to Guam that you are all right . . ."

The plane disappeared into the mist over the north end of Falarik and out of radio range. Don lingered on the beach to make sure it would not make another circle, and I kept my ear at the radio for any further message, but only static came through. But we had heard enough. No more typhoon. Science said so. Western civilization had zoomed in from the sky to reassure us—and the relief was immense.

We relayed the information to the chiefs. Ifaluk was tremendously impressed with the whole business—the appearance of the plane, the conversation with the little boxes, and pick-up of the conversation on the Zenith radio in the Fan Nap. Goodness knows, we were impressed too.

Weeks later, when the trade ship of the Trust Territory Government stopped by Ifaluk, we found out that the storm had gained in force as it moved northwest and had hit the atoll of Ulithi squarely. Father William J. Walter, the missionary on Ulithi, described the damage in a letter to Don:

"A few hundred trees were uprooted and a few hundred more snapped in half. Paths were so strewn with debris that they were

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ABOVE Cases of food walled the kitchen area: Ted Burrows sometimes propped himself comfy there to read at night.

BELOW Don proposed a trade of English lessons for lessons in Ifalukian.

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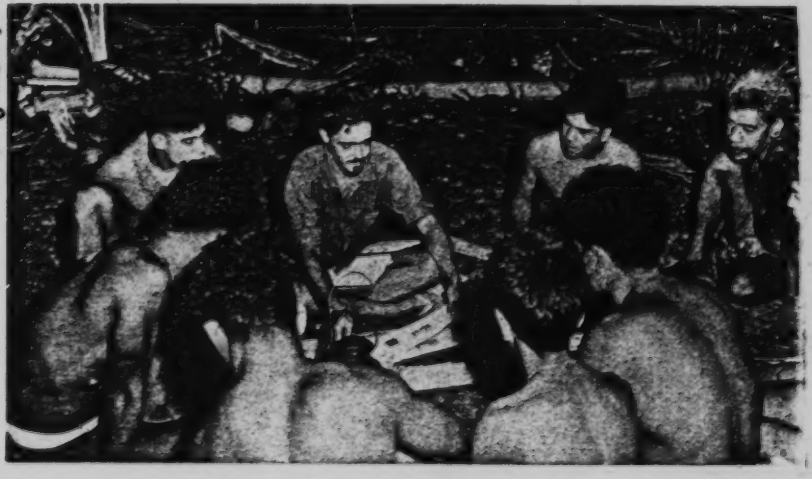

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obliterated completely. The ferocious wind scooped up the sea and hurled it over the island, ruining the fresh water in our rain catchments. The waves came up into the canoe houses and crumpled some of them. All canoes had previously been dragged inland into the villages and tied down between the houses. One of the women's club houses, which also served as maternity ward and hospital, began swaying under the impact of the storm. The women and children were removed to safety just before it disappeared in a spray of flying splinters. The waves piled up and crashed on the beach rolling water a hundred yards inland. The islands are only ten feet above sea level and the ocean threatened to inundate the land. All the coconuts and most of the fronds had been stripped from the trees. For nine months afterwards the people were on short rations and no copra could be produced."

U [345] [793]

The same trade ship brought news that another storm, about a month before, had hit Ulithi when a fleet of fishing canoes was out on the reef. Three canoes, with seven men, disappeared. The lost men included Tony's uncle, brother and nephew, and his niece lost her husband.

W 132

Ifaluk was too close to the equator to be often in the path of typhoons; it was in the area where these storms generally build up, gaining hurricane force as they move north. The island had not been struck by a major typhoon since 1907, but the storm of that year was a fearful one, and its mark was still on the island. From the lagoon, a few coconut palms stood out, much taller than the others; they were the survivors of the 1907 disaster. Great blocks of coral tossed up on the reef before Falalap were testimony enough to the unbelievable force of the sea.

W [22 23]

The wind continued, but it could be ignored now that it held no threat of increased violence, and in the evening Don and I started seriously on our project of learning something about the language of Ifaluk. We had asked one of the young men, Yaniseman, to help with this, and he turned up with his good friend Tachiwelimeng.

This was the beginning of a close friendship and constant collaboration. Yaniseman was one of three young men from the island who had been sent to Yap for several months by the government of the Trust Territory to learn English and, on return, to serve as teachers for the island. The English that they could learn in this time was rudimentary,

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but they were anxious to learn more. Don proposed a sort of trade with Yani of English lessons for Ifaluk lessons. This developed presently into a regular session, every second or third night, with about a dozen of the young men of the island in attendance. I soon dropped out. The English-Ifalukian exchange thus became Don's enterprise: he had a special interest, since he would be staying on after Ted and I left.

By next morning (Sunday) the wind had pretty much died down, and the census operation was continued. About noon, a Navy ship was sighted off Falarik. The walkie-talkies were again unlimbered and contact was established. It turned out to be a destroyer escort, calling by the island to check typhoon damage. They sent in a rubber landing boat with a half a dozen men who spent about an hour wandering around the island trading cigarettes for shells, and then took off. It began to look as though Ifaluk, instead of being isolated in the remote Pacific, was a busy crossroads.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and finally the census was completed —or at least the first draft of the census. We made out a detailed list of all of the people, household by household, with a copy for each of us, and we kept making small changes all summer, finally making a complete recheck at the end of the summer to be sure we had everything straight. When I think of the trouble we had keeping track of 260 people, I get a new insight into the problem of census operations in a country like the United States. "Census" will never again be just a word.

The Ifalukians did not count years, and consequently did not know exactly how old they were. They did, however, have a series of words for age groups: saugau for infant, sari for child, tarimwan for young man, liveirik for a girl past puberty, and so forth. Old men and old women were called tufai and there were a number of old people on the island: twenty-eight men and thirty women in the tufai class, to be exact, so that about a third of the population was in the old age group. Some of these, including Tom, were adults at the time of the 1907 typhoon, so that they must have been in their sixties at the time of our visit: but they were healthy, vigorous and obviously enjoying life.

Ted asked each woman of childbearing age how many children she had had, how many were still living, and—for those that had died—

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CHAPTER III

MAPPING THE BOONDOCKS

THE IDEA was to study the human ecology of Ifaluk: the interrelations of man, his culture, and the environment. For man and his culture there was the reservoir of information accumulated by Burrows and Spiro during their 1948 residence on the island: studies which Ted planned to continue during his second visit. Don and I, with the enthusiasm of amateurs, wanted to help in this anthropological work. But there was also the environment to be studied—the land, the reef, the lagoon, the sea, the plants and animals. This "simple" situation—260 people living on half of a square mile of coral rock and sand—was incredibly complex. 114

When we had finished the counting, weighing and measuring of *Homo sapiens*, the next step seemed to be a start with the environment. The logical first move here was a map, a topographic survey of the situation.

The map problem was greatly simplified by the fact that a little previously a Navy reconnaissance plane had made a series of vertical and oblique aerial photographs of the whole atoll. The Ifalukians were fascinated by these photographs. They seemed to have no trouble at all in grasping the significance of either the vertical or oblique shots, and most people easily recognized the major landmarks, even locating their particular family dwellings. They knew the atoll thoroughly, and the aerial photographs gave them a chance to stand off and look at the whole thing at once, for the first time. 823 123 126

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side of the trail there was an open grove of high breadfruit trees and other plantings of the Falivelu household.

This trail by Katelu we called the "schoolhouse trail"—because it led directly to the schoolhouse. The schoolhouse was a thatched shed built in a large clearing exactly half way across the island. It had been put up in accordance with instructions, either from the Navy or the Trust Territory, and contained a blackboard and a supply of essential equipment like boxing gloves and basket balls. But how would one go about introducing schooling on Ifaluk? Or should one? The answer to this latter, surely, is "yes" because willy-nilly the Ifalukians must learn to deal with the outer world in these days when that world has become a small neighborhood, and even Ifaluk cannot be protected by its remoteness. But the question of how to introduce this schooling is a complex one for which perhaps no one has a clear answer.

At any rate, the schoolhouse was not used for educational purposes during the period of our stay, but it did have uses. The clearing was a handy place to locate the rain gauge, and the schoolhouse itself, with its open sides, seemed a good place for the regular measurements of shade temperature and humidity. So the area became our meteorological station.

On this south end of Falarik the coconut grove of the lagoon shore extended right around the tip of the island to the ocean side, enveloping the schoolhouse yard. The trail was straight and formal, however, only as far as the school; beyond it became a winding footpath leading through the coconuts to the ocean beach.

Except for this southern end and the long stretch of lagoon shore, Falarik was covered with boondocks. Coconuts grew all through these boondocks, and the principal forest tree was breadfruit. But there were a dozen other kinds of trees, and a thick underbrush of bushes and ferns—ferns everywhere. There were many swampy areas in the center of the island, but the land became slightly higher toward the ocean shore, the surface rough with coral boulders, culminating in a definite "boulder ridge" paralleling the ocean beach.

The beach on the ocean side was narrow, sloping rather steeply from this boulder ridge. Along most of the length of the island the beach, too, was covered with coral rocks, but there were also stretches of coral

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133 sand. Out from the beach there was a hundred yards or so of coral platform, largely exposed at low tide, then finally the edge of the reef itself against which the great rollers of the Pacific broke their force all the year around.

133 361 The other inhabited island, Falalap, was rather different: a large, rounded blob sticking out into the sea and spoiling the neat circle of the atoll. The habitations were all on the northwest end of the island, across the narrow pass from Falarik. Here, too, there was a maintained park-like area, corresponding to the lagoon-side coconut grove of Falarik: but on Falalap, coconuts and large breadfruit trees were interspersed, giving a different "feel" to the landscape.

133 137 262 The center of Falalap was largely a great swampy area carefully cultivated by the women of both islands. Two kinds of aroids (taro), *Colocasia* and *Cyrtosperma*, were grown there for their edible, starchy roots which, with breadfruit, formed the staple food of the atoll. We did not get around to exploring this region in any detail until late in the summer.

123 226 The mapping operation was kept up fairly steadily for several days, but there were always intermissions. On Friday afternoon—the second day of the mapping—Bakal and Yani had no difficulty in persuading us to knock off mapping and go spear fishing. We all piled into Bronson's skiff and rowed over to the shore of Ella, outside the pass into the lagoon. Don was rather snooty about this skiff, remarking that a Western rowboat looked like a garbage scow beside the trim and speedy Ifalukian canoes. But Yani and Bakal liked it—perhaps partly because it was foreign, but also because it was steady and because it [136] could hold several people easily. Don, maintaining his scorn, called it the BWUP after one of the more ungainly species of trigger-fish.

227 Yani and Bakal each had steel-pointed wooden spears, about fifteen feet long, and short, slender steel spears. The long spears were for poking; the short spears were shot from a sling. The sling looked like a strip of inner-tube; at one end was a string loop, tied on firmly; at the other end the rubber was tied into a loop just large enough to slip over the thumb. With the rubber loop over the right thumb, the string loop was pressed over a slight notch in the butt of the spear, and the spear then simply pulled back with the left hand and let go. It worked like a Hawaiian sling spear, with the hand replacing the hollow bamboo grip.

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Hawaiian sling spear, with the hand replacing the hollow bamboo grip.

Fish were not too plentiful and all were small. In a short time Bakal got four small surgeon fish of two species and a small bright-colored reef fish. None were over five inches long—which showed that small fish were not scorned as food.

Don had taken his Arbalete spear gun—a complicated and lethal weapon that had as yet hardly been tried. Yani borrowed it, and Don was greatly cheered to see him miss a couple of shots—Don had been feeling sheepish about his own misses. Presently there were loud shouts from Bakal and Yani. Yani, for fun, had shot a big moray eel with the Arbalete gun. (For fun because the Ifalukians do not eat moray eels. Ted explained this as a sort of pact: the Ifalukians did not eat morays or sharks, with the idea that the morays and sharks would reciprocate. The pact was occasionally violated by both the morays and the sharks.)

The spear was deep in the neck of the big eel, but the eel was still lively enough so that we did not dare try to bring it into the boat, and it was impossible to get it off the spear. So we rowed all the way home towing the speared moray behind the boat. After dragging the eel up on the beach, we managed to get the spear out. Don, Bakal and Yani then started out again, swimming, to try for more fish among the coral heads of the lagoon in front of the Fan Nap.

Don got a fine chance at a blue crevelley about a foot long, and hit him right through the middle. Just then, Yani swam up and pointed to a big moray eel completely out of the rocks and swimming rather feebly along the sandy bottom twelve feet below. The eel was partly on its side and seemed to be looking up at them. The thought flashed through Don's mind that some fool had thrown the speared moray back into the lagoon, and there it was, out for revenge.

They had just started to get themselves out of there when a big shark shot by—a huge, grey torpedo. It made a swift circle around Don, Yani and the eel. Yani shouted and thrashed the water with his hands and feet, at the same time making for the nearest coral head, yelling for Don to come. Don was close behind, still with the speared fish. They clambered onto the platform of coral, where they were standing in water about halfway up their thighs, Don holding

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123 226 the fish and spear high out of the water, trying to avoid attracting the shark with blood. Once more the shark swept by, this time with a second shark just behind. Bakal swam out to the reef, in response to Yani's yells, carrying one of the big, long spears, while Toroman rowed out with the BWUP to pick them all up.

Yani had fished around the coral heads of the lagoon all of his life, and said he had never before seen sharks come in so close to shore. He had a theory that the noise of the spear gun had attracted them. It seemed more likely to Don that they had followed the nice trail of blood from the speared moray, dragged all of the way across the lagoon from outside the pass (where sharks were common) to the area off the Fan Nap. The speared moray was still lying on the coral sand, so the one they had seen behaving so queerly in the lagoon was another. The day ended with a fine fish dinner.

Ted turned on the radio that evening to listen to some music and 123 presently accumulated an audience of several Ifalukians who had happened to drift by. The next evening people started accumulating on the temple grass behind the Fan Nap shortly after dinner, and it soon became apparent that they wanted another radio concert. The news, apparently, had spread that this was possible. We were a little appalled at the prospect of having to give a radio concert every evening, none of us being much addicted to radios. We explained that the battery would get tired if it were worked too hard. Then Don happened to think of the phonograph.

The expedition had been equipped with a portable, wind-up phonograph. No one knew whose idea this was—perhaps a hang-over from some previous atoll expedition with a juke-box addict among its members. The accompanying records mostly looked like juke-box material, though of uncertain vintage, along with a few records of Hawaiian music.

We pulled down the box of records, which had been stored away high on a beam in the Fan Nap, and set up the phonograph on the temple grass lawn back of the camp. Tony, eagerly helping, said he knew all about phonographs—that experience with the Coast Guard Station on Ulithi again—so we turned the machine and records over

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to him. This arrangement worked well, and soon the concert was in full swing. I watched for a while from the side lines, caught by the contrast of the brown, naked bodies sprawled on the smooth lawn, listening to jazz records on a portable phonograph.

Presently another aspect of the contrast was brought to our attention —which served also as an illumination of the pocket problem. Nudity, or the seminudity of a loin-cloth, has one great drawback—there are no pockets. Of course, pockets don't necessarily follow from clothing, as any woman in the modern West well knows. But the absence of clothing does necessarily result in an absence of pockets. The men of Ifaluk and the women of the West, for their different reasons, thus share the problem of how to carry small useful objects of the sort that the Western male so conveniently stuffs in his pockets. The solution, in both cases, has been the purse. The men of Ifaluk always carried their purses with them—capacious, neatly woven affairs, which they put beside them when they sat down and tucked under their arms as they walked. What, we often wondered, were the contents of such a purse?

We got some insight, on this occasion, from Tony. After three or four records, he remarked to me that he thought the needle should be changed. I remembered we had come across needles in our unpacking, but for the life of me I couldn't remember where we had put them.

"Oh, that's all right," said Tony.

And he started to fish around in the depths of his purse. Presently he emerged with a small package and started to peel off the layers of wrappings of dried banana leaf, to disclose, finally, a paper of phonograph needles.

The answer to our question about the contents of the Ifalukian purse was clear—it might contain anything. Which I suppose would also be the answer in the case of the female purse of the West. Only Tony, carting his precious packet of needles from Ulithi to phonographless Ifaluk, seemed to have attained a state of preparedness hardly equalled by the White Knight. And yet, as Tony so triumphantly demonstrated, you never can tell!

I was, then, in no way surprised, a few days later, to have Tony pull

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only source of supply, since no trade ship had visited the island for some months.

The captain went ashore on the final trip of the ship's launch. Most of the local population was assembled on the temple grass by the Fan Nap, all decked out with garlands in the hair and wreaths over the shoulders. I introduced the captain to Fagolier. It was a pleasure to watch the chief on such an occasion. He didn't need clothing for dignity: composed and calm, he always seemed pleased to meet the visitors, murmuring the correct phrases in Ifalukian, with no hint of the naked savage meeting civilization. Rather, the overdressed foreigners seemed awkward and out of place.

The captain photographed everyone, called in the sailors who had been wandering around, and took off. We all went down to the beach to see them go, but unhaunted by any desire to be going along. Don, of course, was terribly pleased to get his missing equipment: and I should have been pleased too, since I came to depend on that equipment for the rest of the summer.

That evening there was dancing. Ted thought at first that it was the children, but it turned out to be the young men, lined up by a bonfire, practicing for some big event that they planned presently. I popped flashbulbs at the dancers and Don and Ted watched, while the mosquitoes drained their blood away—another flaw in paradise. The scene was wild and lovely, the dark backdrop of the coconut palms fitfully lit up by the fire, the row of naked bodies trimmed with flowers and anklets and bracelets of coconut leaves, the inflected chanting, the stomping, clapping and rhythmic movement. Don learned pretty well to get the nice resonance that they produced by clapping the cupped right hand against the inside of the bent left arm.

Don got sore at me for popping flashbulbs—he said it spoiled the atmosphere, was an insult to the Ifalukians, and so forth. I suppose I felt sheepish about intruding with a camera myself—but I had thought I was doing my duty in getting a photographic record. Anyway, I took off with my camera in a huff and kept a residuum of photographic inhibition all of the rest of the summer. The camera is a curious thing that way—it takes gall or cheek or impertinence to get good pictures

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and the photographer is apt to be much resented. Yet people like to see the pictures. I never could see that the Ifalukians minded my photographic habits. They tended at first to stop work and pose when they saw me with the camera, but they quickly got the idea that I wanted them to continue working without paying any attention to me. The kids were particularly cooperative since (it was Ted's idea) I always had a pocket full of hard candies for distribution.

The people from Satawal left the next morning, Monday. I forgot to mention that when we arrived on Ifaluk, we found we had been preceded, a few days earlier, by a set of visitors from Satawal, another atoll about 150 miles to the east: three of the big ocean-going canoes, carrying thirty-seven men and boys, two women, two young girls and two babies. They were making a round of visits to the islands of the area in the traditional style, and during their stay on Ifaluk they were guests of the community.

Here in the Western Carolines the knowledge and practice of navigation with ocean-going canoes persists, while it is only a dim memory in most parts of the Pacific. Here too it will surely and perhaps promptly disappear, since it is, by any reckoning, a hazardous affair. The palus, the captain-navigators, of Ifaluk were all old men, and few of the young men seemed to be learning the art. The young men that we questioned had all travelled rather widely among neighboring atolls—but mostly in trade ships, or in the course of being moved about for labor by the Japanese during the war. Yani, for instance, who had travelled a great deal in ships, going to Yap to work on the airstrip, and to Palau for the start of his teacher education, had made only two canoe trips—both to nearby atolls—and he had no interest in further canoe travel.

The navigating methods of the Polynesians and Micronesians are not too well understood, and no European has ever accompanied them on an ocean voyage—or at least no European has ever written an account of such a voyage. Ted, in consequence, wanted very much to go with the Satawal flotilla which was heading next for Elato, some fifty miles to the east. Ted pointed out that while the trip might be hazardous, it was surely no more hazardous than driving on a parkway in the United States on Sunday, which millions of people did with no

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qualms. He asked Tom if he could not arrange a crew to take his wa terach, sea-going canoe, and go along. Tom said he could, but that he would have to get permission from the chiefs.

When the decision was made to sail that Monday morning, Ted had high hopes that he could go along. He made it seem very simple. I didn't know whether to volunteer to go along or not; I don't know whether he would have taken me anyway, but I was scared at the prospect of having to make some decision. But the decision was taken away from us.

We heard Maroligar blowing on his conch shell down by the beach, to call the chiefs together. Shortly after, the three navigators from Satawal came to pay us a farewell call, along with Fagolier, Maroligar and Tom. Tom announced to Ted the chiefly decision:

"Those chief 'e say 'no'. Suppose too much wind. Suppose typhoon 'e come. That canoe 'e go roll, roll, roll. Bimeby fall down in salt water. You *die*.

"Suppose you want go 'nother island, 'e got steamer. 'E got that Navy boat. You take 'im."

I felt a great sense of relief. Ted took it nobly, though surely his last chance for this great anthropological scoop was going with those canoes. He couldn't question the chiefly decision: but he could at least use the incident to show that chiefly government on Ifaluk was operating, and that the chiefs felt secure enough to deny a request backed by the enormous prestige of an anthropologist representing the occupying American power.

Ted decided he would at least get as thorough a description of the embarkation as he could. He put a case of corned beef in the rowboat and we set out for Falalap, Bakal and a friend at the oars and Don and me armed to the teeth with cameras. We got there just in time to see the last of the three big canoes rolled down into the water, and to follow the provisioning and stowing of the baggage—mostly big wooden chests that looked as though they might be of Japanese manufacture. Finally the passengers started to embark. The few women and children among these crawled into little thatched huts built out over the water on each canoe, on the opposite side from the outriggers. It certainly looked like cramped quarters.

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123 Ted dealt out his forty-eight cans of beef as a going-away present. [622] The chief palu acknowledged this with a short but elegant-sounding speech.

We rowed out to the pass to watch the canoes put up sail when they had passed out of the lagoon—a pretty sight. Three sturdy canoes [507] starting out confidently across the Pacific to hit another tiny atoll—perhaps no staggering distance away, but still something to find without instruments.

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the flies, and during the evening, to get away from the mosquitoes. Ted stuck to the Fan Nap for writing up his notes—but carefully protected with long trousers tied around the ankles, and with coils of Japanese "punk" burning to exorcise the mosquitoes. He had great faith in that burning punk.

We decided to start the plant collecting that afternoon, since the drying cabinet was ready. It was quite an expedition—Yani, Tony, Bakal, Don and me. The idea was to try to collect not only the plants, but information about them. Tony, as a Ulithi man, didn't know the local plant lore, but he was a good interpreter. Yani's English was rapidly gaining in fluency, however, and he and Don, particularly, were able to understand one another almost from the beginning without outside help. Yani did know the local plants—their names and their uses—and Don would jot down this information while I fussed with the plant press itself. Bakal, as usual, was general handy man.

The clean-up was continued next morning and pretty well finished by noon, when everyone on Falarik gathered on the lawn outside the Fan Nap for a communal meal. "Feast" is probably too strong a word for the meals that invariably followed any community activity. The food was lavish enough, contributed by all of the participating households, but it did not differ markedly from the everyday diet.

In this instance, Ted decided that the occasion was important enough for him to contribute one of the cases of corned beef that he had brought along for just such purposes. The canned beef was a greatly appreciated delicacy, called "carawao," which would seem to stem from the Spanish word for water-buffalo, carabao. Several Ifalukian words reflected Spain's dominance in the Carolines in the 19th century —the word "cat" for instance, which hardly differed from the Spanish gato.

The opened case of beef was put before Maroligar, the number two chief, but the distribution of the cans was carried out by Toroman, the number three chief, who always seemed to take over when there was anything to be divided among the island households. He called out the names of the households, tossing the cans to representatives of each; some cans were set aside for Falalap (which was having its own clean-up), and there was a small, separate pile for the chiefs.

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262 264 527 The people had brought many pots of breadfruit, cooked in different ways, and there was a large pile of drinking coconuts—also divided by Toroman. The meal lasted about an hour. I spent most of the time prowling around with the cameras while Ted and Don were more directly participating, squatting with the chiefly group. Ted reported that he liked best breadfruit that had been cooked with coconut [250] cream, resulting in a sort of mashed dough with the white, creamy, semi-sweet sauce.

123 648 That evening Don had his regular session of English and Ifaluk language exchange under the gasoline lanterns in the back of the Fan Nap. After the lesson Yani and his friend Tachiwelimeng lingered. They asked about the war between the United States and Japan, and got to telling about their own experiences. Tachiwelimeng had been taken by the Japanese to Fais, where there was a radio station. When the first American ship appeared off the island the Japanese got very excited, radioed the news to Yap, and then disappeared into hiding. The bombardment that followed scared everybody on the island. Tachiwelimeng spoke no English, but he was a born clown and gave a hilariously vivid pantomime of how the noise of the first shell tumbled him, how he crept behind a coconut palm and crouched in a ball, how a shell hit the coconut tree about six feet overhead and blew it down. No one was hurt except one of the Japanese, who was hit in the arm, but not seriously.

648 Japanese ships later took their captive labor to Yap, to use in filling holes in the landing strip made by the regular American bombings. Tachiwelimeng gave another graphic pantomime of American planes dodging Japanese ack-ack, bombs exploding all over the place and the like. These people seemed to look back on this as a big sideshow, bearing no resentment for the local people killed by the American bombings of Yap, and little resentment against the Japanese for getting them involved there.

126 The days were beginning to go by with remarkable speed. Ted gravely crossed them off, one by one, on a big calendar posted in the Fan Nap, and there was a check on this in my notebook, where the meteorological observations were entered every morning, first thing

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after breakfast. All sorts of things went into that notebook (one of those waterproof engineer's books, carried in a case on the belt) and I had a chance to exercise my file-clerk instincts in keeping them straight. Numbers for plant notes had a square pencilled around them, so they caught the eye quickly. Pack and film numbers for photographs taken with the Crown Graphic had a circle around them; numbers for the Leica were double underlined; numbers for the Kodak Reflex were distinguished with a triangle.

The only marks for Thursday, July 9th, the day following the clean-up, were triangles, because the only notes were on photographs taken with the reflex. This was because the day was spent on a fishing expedition and I carried only the reflex. I never had liked that camera much, so I carried it whenever I thought there was danger of damage or loss—in this case, danger of salt-water damage.

Most of the men of Falarik were involved in this fishing expedition. Preparations started early in the morning. Great lengths of rope were hauled out of the canoe houses and wound spirally with strips of palm leaves, one after another, until the effect was that of a huge pile of monstrous green tinsel. The lengths of rope, as soon as they were prepared, were carried down to the lagoon shore and piled into the canoes.

By about ten o'clock everything was ready and the flotilla of canoes pushed off—a couple of dozen of them, the small one-man kind, and the medium-sized kind that carried four or five men. None of the big sea-voyaging canoes were launched. We went, with Bakal and Yani, in Bronson's rowboat, the BWUP, named for the ungainly trigger-fish. We felt awkward and sedate in this tub, but we were afraid of being a nuisance if we asked to go in one of the canoes. Anyway, Yani and Bakal were enamored of the BWUP, and it did make a steady base for observation and photography.

There was a row of about a mile across the still, bright lagoon. We took turns at rowing as a matter of principle, of sharing activities. But I am no athlete under any circumstances, and I was perhaps too obviously glad when I could stop the rowing and stretch out on the prow of the boat with head overside, staring into the mysterious sapphire

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depths. The lagoon deepened rapidly, but there were areas, even in the center, where it was only thirty or forty feet deep, and the shadows of coral heads below could be made out.

Presently the water began to shoal again, as we approached the reef. For a while the boat could be maneuvered through the sandy channels among the coral heads but all hands had to walk across the reef itself while the boat was pulled through a narrow, shoal, "canoe pass" which, although only a few inches deep, was clear enough of coral to enable the canoes to be floated across the reef.

I was wearing alpargates, South American canvas sandals, excellent for rain forest, but no good for coal reefs—this was the last day in the life of those sandals, and I had to use great care to make them last even for the walk across the reef. Yani and Bakal were managing nicely in their bare feet, which showed the incredible toughness that the human hide can reach, but even they were walking carefully.

It was something over a thousand feet across the reef. On the far side, on this still morning, there was only a gentle surf from waves averaging only a foot or so high. This was the lee side of the atoll, in terms of the trade winds, but at this season when the trades were not blowing and when the rain was often from the west, the breakers here could be very high, a pulsating line of white on the horizon from the view point of the Fan Nap.

The BWUP was pushed out beyond the breakers and boarded again. Here, outside the reef, was the shark zone, but none were seen all day. Yani said one of his relatives had been attacked by a shark in this region, but had saved himself by pulling off his loin-cloth and covering the eyes of the shark as he charged by.

The reef shelved off gradually and details of the bottom could be made out clearly in twenty-five or thirty feet of water. The bottom was solidly encrusted with life—corals, coralline algae, sponges and the like—except for the narrow, smooth "surge channels," kept clear by the rush of water along the bottom returning from the surf. They were like ravines along a mountain front.

The canoes started playing out the coconut-bedecked rope, finally forming a huge semicircle out from the reef. The rope was weighed down with coral-block anchors and attached to each of the regularly-

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At any rate, Ted thought it was time for a present when Bakal turned up at the Fan Nap ready for dancing after the day of fishing, with a garland of flowers in his hair, big lilies in the holes in his ear lobes, and a fresh green coconut skirt over his red loin-cloth. Ted had noticed the Ifalukian passion for ornament when he was there before, and this time came prepared with appropriate gifts, especially a good supply of ropes of the tinsel used for decorating Christmas trees. He got out a length of this tinsel for Bakal, who was delighted. Bakal ran his big, wooden comb through his hair several times to make it stand out stiffly (it stuck up in a great puff about three inches high anyway) and wound the tinsel around it in a double strand from the top of his head, at a rakish angle that brought it low over the right ear. A very flashy get-up for a young blade.

After two weeks on the island, we had become somewhat relaxed in this matter of male ornamentation. The people from the first would offer us maramars—garlands of flowers—for our hair, and we would accept them politely and appreciatively—and wear them sheepishly. But the sheepishness wore off rapidly. Presently I found myself expressing admiration for the effect of a wreath of velvety yellow four-o'-clocks on Don, and Don would notice the nice touch of bright red hibiscus on my black hair. Ted's beard was approaching magnificence, even at this early stage and made a fine accompaniment for flower garlands. After a while we reached the point of nailing up a mirror in the Fan Nap, so that we could arrange our garlands tastefully and appropriately before sallying forth in the morning. This process came to be known as "bakalizing" after one of its most devoted practitioners.

It was interesting to watch the process of disintegration of Western male prejudices in ourselves. The necklace given me by Tachi was one step in this process. Tachi, a boy perhaps twelve years old who lived near us, cut his foot very badly one day on a coconut shell. He came to me for help and I dressed the foot regularly every morning until the wounds had healed. Tachi, in gratitude for this doctoring, brought me a beautiful cowrie-shell necklace.

I put on the necklace doubtfully, expecting jeers from Ted and Don. But instead they both, with obvious envy, said how nice it looked! I wore it for a day and generously offered to lend it to Ted and then to Don. The loan was accepted, and for a long time I could only wear

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123 my necklace every third day, when it came my turn. Presently they were given necklaces, too, and then we could all be properly ornamented all the time!

123 177 Don kept on with the regular English lessons. He wrote a journal entry about one evening when Yani had brought a simple English reader from the school supplies and wanted to know the meanings of some of the words—believe, would, parade, party (that was easy), Halloween, conversation, as, think, exactly. Don felt he did nicely—all his teaching instincts came to the fore. He consulted me once or twice, but this obviously would lead only to an argument that would leave the English lesson suspended indefinitely—"exactly" was perfect for an Abbott-Bates argument. Its meaning could hardly be touched on without previous exploration of the nature of reality and the perceptions of the observer, and once this was started, "exactly" could never be reached again. So Yani got only the Abbott interpretations of meaning.

181 There seemed to be little trouble about the explanations, and this set Don to thinking about the nature of "savages." According to Ted, these people of Ifaluk had had the least contact with the West of any of the Pacific islanders—only the people of central New Guinea being comparable. Thus, by common Western standards, they would be classed as "savages"—in fact, as "naked savages." Yet, Don argued, these are really highly sophisticated people, so startlingly like Westerners that it was sometimes hard to remember that there were any differences at all. He was particularly impressed by their sense of humor, which [522] seemed to differ not at all from his own. They laughed at his jokes when they understood them, as he did at theirs. Humor that didn't cross the cultural barrier seemed to be associated either with the double meanings of language, or with cultural traits that were not shared. Don wrote these impressions in his journal—from which I am cribbing.

535 533 After the English session, we all went to watch dancing on Falalap. We took the BWUP and rowed over in the dark, settling down under the palms near a fire of dry coconut leaves. The women were sitting in a line, making slow movements of arms, torso and head to the pace of a slow, low-pitched song that mostly hung on one note, but oc-

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casionally rose or dropped over a scale of about three notes. There, in the light of a fire that flared to brightness and sank down almost to darkness as fuel was added or used up, with a row of bare-breasted women singing the pleasant but monotonous dirge-like song, with slow, almost caressingly sensual movements of the hands and arms, Don was overcome again with a feeling of unreality, of the cultural gulf that separated him from them.

But again he thought, this is trivial. The only real barrier is language, and that can be overcome. It was, in fact, already lessening. Just that day, he had been able to explain to a man who brought a wooden bowl to the Fan Nap that Ted was asleep, to tell the man to come back later in the evening, and to ask him whether he wanted tobacco or money for the bowl, and how much. It was a great triumph in communication.

The gulf between California and Ifaluk could be bridged.

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imagination. But his poise, his dignity, seemed to have a very real quality, completely independent of the trappings of position or pretence.

I remember the evening early in our stay when he stopped by the Fan Nap just as we were starting our dinner of spam, canned sweet potatoes and canned string beans. We asked him to join us, which he did with apparent pleasure, even making noises of appreciation over the string beans—the equivalent in my own household, over new food, of "how interesting." When we were finished he went off with his plate, cup and silver and washed it and started to try to wash a pot! It was like the thoughtful guest back home who insists on helping with the dishes; somehow, as real a gesture of courtesy as I have ever seen.

The next day, when I went to photograph progress on the canoe that was being built in the Falepenach canoe house, I found Fagolier working away with an adze on a plank, the efficient artisan. Usually he was right in the middle of any work in progress, carrying his full load.

He was always the thoughtful host. Everyone on the island was always a thoughtful host—but Fagolier, as chief, along with Maroligar, number two chief and proprietor of the particular spot where the Fan Nap stood, were especially attentive. I noted my impression in my diary one morning when Fagolier brought us fresh coconuts. He came with two handsome boys bearing the nuts, for all the world like two pages attending a prince. The pages placed the coconuts as directed by a wave of the hand, and during the ensuing period of polite silence, they sat quietly and respectfully in the background, so that the feeling of court was maintained.

I watched him directing a dance rehearsal one night. Don was involved with Yani's English and Ted with something else, and when Fagolier and Maroligar left the Fan Nap after their usual check on our comfort, they obviously expected me, at loose ends, to come along with them. When we got to the fire, they seemed to expect me to join the line of dancing men. So—away from the eyes of my fellow Westerners—I did.

Certainly I was very awkward and shortly I abandoned the attempt,

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123 535 643 but I was glad I tried because it gave me a direct experience with Fagolier as dance director. He squatted by the fire and the line of men formed opposite him against the dark backdrop of the coconut grove. To get some glimmering of what to do, I had to watch both Fagolier and the men in the line beside me, and I gradually got the feel of the situation. The dance involved a series of gestures with both hands, and of vocal sounds that varied from hums to shouts but that did not seem to form word patterns. Fagolier directed this with a remarkable economy of gesture, the indications of his hands being translated into full scale action by the men opposite. He was acting as leader and coordinator—again quietly, skillfully and economically.

121 These thoughts about Fagolier were precipitated the morning that Don started his food study of the Falepenach household. Don was resolved to be as exact about this as possible. It is very difficult to get precise figures on what people eat under any circumstances (think of the problem of measuring everything scraped off the plate into the garbage can, or of finding out whether Johnny got into the cookie jar this morning, and how many cookies he snitched). But, Don reasoned, the greater effort you made to be precise, the nearer you were likely to come to truth in your measurements. So, with the complete and invaluable assistance of Yani, he started out to measure everything eaten in Yani's household, Falepenach, for a month.

125 262 It developed at once that I was about as helpful as a sore thumb in this process. That first morning Don and Yani weighed all of the breadfruit and all of the coconuts brought in for the day's use. Then, to get a measure of the difference between crude and finished product, they waited around while the breadfruit and coconut were being prepared for cooking. Clearly I wasn't needed for either the weighing or waiting processes, so I drifted off to sit down by Fagolier and contemplate the horizon. Don, in the meanwhile, found (among other things) that twenty husked, ripe coconuts, weighing 27 lbs. 5 oz. produced 11 lbs. 13 oz. of copra ready for use in that day's cooking operations in Falepenach.

121 262 We had been talking about the problems of the food study from the beginning. A careful study of what people ate, how much, how they got it, how it served them nutritionally, was clearly basic to any at-

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I, of course, made the proper jeers about this culture-bound food aversion of his, which would cut him off from a rich local source of protein. Out of sheer bravado one morning I sucked turtle egg after turtle egg. I got nowhere in my effort to make Don feel foolish (he had great reserves of faith in his own prejudices) but I did make myself very sick. I suspect that the relation between the cramps and the turtle eggs was sheer coincidence; but for the rest of the summer I couldn't face a turtle egg with any more equanimity than Don could, and the eggs that were brought us were disposed of surreptitiously.

The Ifalukians were always bringing us food, more food than we could possibly have eaten with the best will in the world. We protested, but there was no stopping them. Much of it we didn't like—we were a very culture-bound trio, really, perfectly happy with our spam and canned spinach. We felt we couldn't run the risk of hurting the feelings of our hosts by admitting that we didn't much like their breadfruit and boiled pulax, so we would accept the food, eat what we could, and stealthily dispose of the rest in the lagoon at night.

We were always really grateful for gifts of fish, however, and my memories of the summer include the tastiest fish orgies of my whole life. We would turn the fish over to Bakal for fileting and Ted was really a master at rolling the filets in corn meal and frying them in bacon grease as I remarked before, and the Ifalukian fish, fresh out of the transparent waters of the lagoon, were just the right material with which to work.

But while we kept our respect for Ted and the Western method of frying things, we also fell in easily with the Ifalukian method of cooking fish. The commonest and perhaps the tastiest method was simply to roast the fish whole in coals of burned coconut husks. The hardened and carbonized skin could be easily peeled off, to reveal the tasty flesh. I have particularly fond memories of roasted parrot fish. Somewhere, from my Florida childhood, I had got the idea that parrot fish were inedible. I still don't know about the West Indian varieties, but I can certify that the parrot fish of Ifaluk were very edible indeed.

Don and I lost weight during the summer though hardly needing to. I had a gaunt and hungry look, twenty pounds below my normal weight, when I left after three months. I suspect this was our own fault, due to our careless habits of living off casually opened tins of

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CHAPTER VI

FISH WATCHING

DANCE rehearsals continued almost every night, and it was clear that we were expected to attend despite the interference with both work and sleep. Somehow I didn't understand until some time later that this dance business was largely a response to a request of Ted's. He had particularly wanted, during his first stay on the island, to see some of the important traditional dances, the ur dances, but no such ceremonies had taken place. Before we started for Ifaluk this time, Ted had written to the anthropologist of the Trust Territory Government, expressing the hope that we would be there in the proper season for the dances. The anthropologist had passed the word on to the chiefs by way of the trade ship which called at the island about a month before we arrived.

It turned out that we were too late. The proper time for the ur dances is at the close of the period of ceremonial fishing by torchlight for flying fish. But the Ifalukians, wishing to please Ted, rearranged their ceremonial schedule. They couldn't bring the flying fish out of season, but they could perform the dances.

The dances were really, as Ted explained, a religious ceremonial designed to please the gods. But, as Ted further noted, this did not mean that the content had to take some special religious form: the kindly gods of Ifaluk enjoyed whatever interested the people.

Religion seemed in general very unobtrusive on Ifaluk. There were sacred spots like the altar in the back of the Fan Nap (completely unused during our stay); there was the wild tangle of vegetation in sacred

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796 [126] story. This went on for nearly an hour, with the three of us too busy with cameras and recording machine to really appreciate what was going on. Then there was an intermission. Arueligar, the high priest, distributed the two cases of corned beef and the two cartons of cigarettes we had donated for the occasion. Dancers and onlookers refreshed themselves by drinking coconuts. Then the dance was resumed, this time by the women, who formed their line along the west margin of the clearing. Their dress was similar to that of the men, except that of course they wore lava-lavas, not loin-cloths, under their coconut-leaf skirts.

796 178 533 Ted was interested to discover that two of the dances performed by the women were new—a concrete demonstration that the traditional form of the ur dance does not necessarily impose traditional subjects. One of the new dances, turning on a poem composed by Letaweriur, Yani's wife, concerned the first coming of the Americans to the island. It was a very long chant, recounting in detail the appearance of the first ship, the delivery of an official document, the nature of America and the Americans, and the like. Ted's translation of the opening stanza is:

[539]

Now all our women rejoice;
Now the Americans have come.
This is pleasing to the chiefs.
They have given us a paper.
This place is to rise;
This island is to be lifted up.
The chiefs say we are to dance.
We will dance, we will rejoice!
This very month, for this is a good year! Eil
The Japanese are gone.
We did not like their rough ways.
The gods have been good to us;
Now our crops are safe.
The Americans talk kindly. . . .

527 123 262 When the women's dance was over, the people scattered into small groups—made up by family, by household, or by friendship—for the feast. Perhaps "feast" is too strong a word, since there was nothing

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unusual about the food except our corned beef. But always, after a communal activity of any kind, there was a communal meal. I drifted from group to group taking pictures and eating a snack of breadfruit with this friend, a hunk of taro with that, and letting them play the always-amusing game of peering at one another through the sights of my Graphic camera.

The day was shot as far as "work" for us was concerned. By the time we had got film and notes taken care of, we were ready for our afternoon swim in the lagoon in front of the Fan Nap.

From the beginning, we had formed a habit of going for a swim in the lagoon toward the end of the afternoon. Many people on Ifaluk bathed in the lagoon in late afternoon, so we were right in line with local custom. As an old Floridian, I really preferred swimming in the bright sun of mid-day and I tried to make our lagoon schedule as early in the afternoon as I could; but what with one thing or another, we often didn't get into the water until rather late.

We always wore goggles. I wonder now why anyone ever goes swimming without goggles. Man, under water, is blind without them. In many places, to be sure, there is little to see; but one can never be sure of this without trying. And in the lagoon at Ifaluk there were unending marvels to be looked at.

We were caught at first by the sheer pleasure of drifting around, exclaiming at the forms of the corals and of the colors of the fish. Then we got to thinking that if we were to spend an hour or so in the water every afternoon, we might as well be trying to make some systematic observations.

The fish, we noticed, paid very little attention to us. Apparently a large brown object of human shape plopped into their environment had no connotation of danger. The fish went on about their business as usual, indifferent to the observer. The contrast with the land, where birds and mammals clearly regard observing man as a potential enemy, was great. We didn't have to resort to field glasses or blinds—we could just float pleasantly on the surface and watch the fish. In coral seas, at least, fish watching seems to me to have it all over bird watching, though I doubt whether I would be so enthusiastic about fish watching in colder waters.